they might be stolen, he soon returns them to the walls of his home.

ADIRONDACKS AN ISLAND.

Canocists Are Able to Circumnavigate the

Entire Region.

In those primeval days the Adirondacks

but in the course of many ages the bottom

of the ocean was lifted, land began to appear

above water here and there, the ocean finally

receded and the Adirondacks were left far

This great mountain plateau is no longer

surrounded by the waters of the sea, but

we may still call it an island if everything

is an island that, according to the school

geographies, is "entirely surrounded by

water." The Adirondacks are entirely sur-

rounded by water, and have been for many

ages, as far as we know, excepting at two

through by canals; so that, with a little

assistance from man, the Adirondack

region became completely girdled by water.

launch his little craft in Lake Ontario. He

might paddle down the St. Lawrence past

Montreal to the mouth of the Richelieu

As he turned into the Richelieu he would

have to work his way rather more strenu-

ously up the stream, but at last he would

reach Lake Champlain, on which he might

creek. Turning up this stream he might

paddle to within a few miles of a creek that

Here was formerly a portage which the

Indians called the Great Carrying Place.

and which was very familiar to French

trappers and hunters in the days when

Hudson and Lake Champlain. Now the waters of the Hudson and Wood Creek

have been connected by canal. Reaching the Hudson, our traveller

night descend the river, circumventing a

few waterfalls on the way, till he came to Troy, where the hospitable Mohawk would

receive him and he might ascend the wind-ing course of that beautiful stream to the city of Rome. Near the site of this classic

ity was formerly another portage a mile length, leading to a second Wood reek, the principal affluent of Lake

But this interruption of water connection

has now been removed and the canal up

restiges of their original insular character

which to-day the mountains may be com-pletely circumnavigated. We may say, in fact, that the largest island in the State of New York is our Adirondack plateau, and that it fills the entire northeastern

PERILS OF THE "MADSTONE."

Ohio Physicians Accuse It of Causing Bloo

From the Toledo Blade

The development of a case of blood poison

ng following the application of the State

House "madstone" has started an agitation

in favor of stopping the use of this stone, which physicians are a unit in denouncing

dog, asked to have the stone applied to the

wound. This was done. It has since de-

veloped that the dog was not mad, but she

is now in a critical condition, blood poisoning

having developed from the wound.

This stone was originally owned by a colored man named bepp, living in Delaware county. When he died he bequeathed it to the State. It has been in the museum of the State capital for about a dozen years, and has been used scores of times there. The custodian of the museum has always been the operator. He boils it in sweet milk for a few minutes and then applies the stone to the naked wound. If it adheres it is taken as evidence that the patient was inoculated, and it is permitted to remain on the wound until it releases itself. If it refuses to adhere it is regarded as evidence that the dog was not mad.

Since the State keeps the stone and permits its use, physicians claim that if becomes particeps crimins in the practice of the humburgery which they say may do a great deal of harm in preventing the patient from getting rational treatment before it is too late.

Dr. C. O. Probst, of the State Board of Health, said last night that the boiling of the Health, said last night that the tremoved.

Health, said last night that the boiling of the stone was a wise precaution as it removed the danger of blood poisoning from the application of the stone. Otherwise it would be nighly dangerous to place the stone against the raw wound. But the application of the hot stone no doubt broke down the tissues and left the wound in the best possible condition to be poisoned from other sources.

He said that the laboratory of his board was now prepared to determine whether an animal supposed to have rables really suffered with the disease or not in a few days. Formerly it was necessary to inoculate some animal with the virus and wait to see whether it developed rables. That took a week or two. That process had now been superseded by the more rapid method.

"CASH" CLAY'S BLACKEST LOOK.

The following story is related of Gen. Clay's

A man was once being tried for murder, and

without any seeming provocation, murdered one of his neighbors in cold blood. Not a lawyer in the county would touch the case. It looked bad enough to ruin the reputation of

case looked hopeless indeed. He had,

ower as an orator:

Since the State keeps the stone and per-

having developed from the wound.

part of the State

y used to make their way between the

flows into the Hudson at Fort Edward.

Suppose an enthusiastic canoeist were to

ttle portages, which years ago were cut

continent

## A VISIT TO BABYLAND.

A TOUR OF THE TENEMENTS WITH A BOARD OF HEALTH NURSE.

\_\_\_\_\_

"Where does Mrs. Schuler live?" asked the visitor of the janitor who appeared at the hall door. The janitor looked at the visitor spe-

latively "Are you the charity lady?" said she.

"No." replied the visitor. "Perhaps ye're the doctor lady?" tenta

"No, I'm from the Board of Health I'm hunting up all the little babies under a year old to see how they're getting on. The Board of Health lady is ut? You're

a new one on me," with naïve frankness. Well, look in the last room back. Ye'll find the poor kid and it's in need of a fri'nd, it is, I'm thinkin', God help ut."

The Board of Health lady sought the ast room back. A dark little room it was, in the basement, with two small windows opening on a narrow, paved courtyard whereon the sun beat blindingly. A dark and dirty little room, with a dark and dirty little woman standing by, silently on the defensive; a dark and dirty bed in one corner, and in the middle of it a dark and dirty baby, very small and skinny, a mere wavering little mite of humanity, enveloped in dubious sheets.

Baby Schuler's mother was away at work packing olives at \$5 a week. The little woman was the baby's grandmother. She was startlingly young for a grandmother, and must have been quite startingly pretty a few years before. But the smell of something strongly vinous was on her breath, though it was early in the morning.

She regarded the Board of Health lady as an enemy and her answers were short and mutinous. The baby's name? John Where was the baby's father? Nobody knew; he had skipped out. This information was given quite composedly.

John Jacob looked up from the dirty sheets with great black eyes that occupied the larger part of his face, and seemed to inquire what the Board of Health lady was going to do about it.

was not the Board of Health lady's business to go into sociological problems Hers only to ascertain why John Jacob's little arms and legs were so remarkably skinny and sticklike. What did John Jacob

pat? she asked. Upon learning she declared that John Jacob must have milk; not "loose" milk, from the grocer's, which was only lingering death, but bottled milk. Then she took out the little Board of Health leaflet from her bag and read slowly and carefully the following instructions:

1. From a fresh quart bottle of milk carefully pour of 24 ounces from the top, taking as much of the cream as possible. Place this with the sugar and barley water, hoiled water, in a clean jar or agatewar pail; place the jar or pail in a larger pail ontaining four or five inches of place this on the stove and allow the water surrounding the milk to boil for ten minutes; remove from the stove and allow to stand ten minutes, then place in cold water so as to cool quickly. This is the whole day's milk supply for the baby. Keep this covered in the icebax, and fill the baby's bottles which had previously been cleaned, as needed The grandmother listened, with a look

of covert amusement. "Now, will you do that?" inquired the

"Oh, sure." said the grandmother, with

an indescribable inflection, and a face like a graven image

"If you don't this baby will probably

die," said the nurse patiently. "And why shouldn't it," said the grandmother, suddenly. "Wouldn't it be the best thing for the poor young one? If the poor could kill off all their children, wouldn't it be better for them? Poor folks has no business to have children;" and she clutched John Jacob with a nervous grip. "I've had five," she said, "and they're all dead but Lizzie, and it's a pity Lizzie wasn't

dead, too." Over the mantelpiece was a document dark with dirt, but in a neat frame that showed that it had been prized when received. It was a certificate from some school announcing that Lizzie Schuler was on the roll of honor for "punctuality, diligence, deportment and progress," and it was dated only two years back.

Poor Lizzie Schuler!

Rosa McClee was the next young person to be called upon. When the Board of Health lady saw Rosa she lapsed into the technical slang of the department.

"My, she's a buster," she remarked. The proud mother smiled delightedly and displayed Rosa's pink legs, which were mere rolls of fat. Butter was nothing to them. No patent baby food for Rosa. No | condensed milk. No, indeed! Rosa got her dinner in the only way fully and entirely approved and indorsed by the Board of Health. The visitor had no need to read the rules about the top twenty-for r ounces off the bottle to be boiled sixteen minutes and a half, or anything like that. The trouble was the other way.

"How does that baby eat?" she asked. It seemed that Rosa had an active appe tite. She ate every hour and a half, if not

"My dear woman, you'll have that billy sick," said the Roard of Health lady. "You keep her little digestive organs at work all the time. They never get a minute to rest. She'll have colic. You must feed her only once in three hours."

Rosa's mother look dubious. "What if she cries?" she & id faintly

"Let her cry," said the Board of Health dy, firmly. "It won't hurt her a bit. lady, firmly. In fact, it will do her good. Crying is the only exercise a baby's lungs get. It makes them grow. Give her lungs some exercise and her stomach a rest. After a few days she'll get used to the three-hour plan and then she won't want it any oftener.

"Do you hear that, Rosa McGee?" inquired her mother. Rosa McGee put her fat thumb in her mouth and wrinkled her nose disdainfully at the Board of Health lady. She knew what she knew. Just let her start in to exercise

her lungs good and hard once and see what would happen. Mary Agnes was a frail, gentle little girl, with a skin as white as milk and eves as blue as forget-me-nots. Mary Agnes's mother showed very plainly where Mary

Agnes's good looks came from. "What do you drink?" inquired the

"Oh, ma'am, I very seldom ever drink a glass of beer," cried Mary Agnes's mother, anxiously. "I don't like it, and yet they all tell me it would be so good for the baby. "Dothey, indeed?" said the visitor, wrathfully. "Well, it's very bad for the baby, and so is tea. You mustn't drink either of them. You must drink milk. That baby

"But I can't afford to buy so much milk, said Mary Agnes's mother, distressfully. "You can't afford to pay doctors' bills

can you?" asked the visitor "Why, that's so, I can't," said Mary Agnes's mother, in an astonished tone, as if the thought had just occurred to her.

Little Edward, named after his hereditary overeign, lay on the floor while his mother wearily washed clothes beside him. It was the front room, once the reception room, of an old New York house, and a stately old marble mantelpiece contrasted sadly with the torn wallpaper, the wood heaped on the floor, the piles of unwashed dishes

Edward's mother was very English, with her clear pink-and-white skin and her clear blue eyes. She did not look pretty because she was ragged and draggled, uncombed and down at the heels, wet with the suds of the tub. But groomed and dressed and rested she would be very pretty indeed. She listened rebelliously at first to the instructions, but softened when the visitor picked up Edward and played with him. Nevertheless she stubbornly refused a ticket to the Floating Hospital. She declined to give any reason, but it was plain that it was too much like charity to suit her. Edward's mother indulged in that luxury so inconvenient to the poor, pride.

"Does Mrs. Mooney live here?" asked the visiting nurse of a large lady in blue calico at the next door. "She do not," replied the lady in blue

calico; "she wuz put out." "Dear me, how dreadful," said the visitor What was she put out for?"

"Fer bein' a bum: she an' her bushend: thim two"; answered Blue Calico firmly. "And has she got a little baby?"

"She had, mum, but she has no longer, thanks be to God; 'tis in Hiven," replied she of the blue calico.

The Board of Health lady made a note on a card; and so no more of Baby Mooney. Little Percival was the tenth child of his mother, and she has raised seven of them, and run a furnished-room house for the last ten years. Percival's mother looked tired.

"I couldn't go on any excursion, no ma'am," she replied wearily, to the offer of a day on the water. "To dress and take five of them, and keep watch of them all day on the boat, and feel that all my work was undone at home, why I'm more tired than if I had worked all day. The baby's outdoors all day with his sisters and he'll have to get on with that."

You look as if you needed the trip more than the baby," said the visitor. "Couldn't you get away for a day or a week, without them? It needn't cost you anything." "And leave them all in the street? And my husband's meals to get, and the fur-

nished rooms to look after? Oh. no." said Percival's mother. "But why do you need to have this rooming house on your hands? It's too much

for you. Can't your husband support the family?" "Not and keep the children in school said Percival's mother, simply. "We'd like to give them all an education, and he

can't do it unless I run the house." The visitor and her companion descended the stairs thoughtfully.

"There's a heroine for you," said one of them finally. "Yes," replied the other. "How would

"Pounding the typewriter is good enough for me a while longer." "Guess my Job of climbing stairs isn't so bad, after all," responded the other.

"There are heroines scattered all through the tenements." declared the official visitor with sudden energy, "bringing up families the best they know how, without money, conveniences or comforts, in the dirt and heat and crowded quarters. It's a killing business. The only ones who aren't worn out with it are those who are content to sit down in the dirt and never worry.

Little Turidru, which is short for Salvaore, lived in two rooms behind his father's barber shop, along with a brother and sister, a pretty, little black-eyed mother and a picturesque old grandmother, with long earrings and a scarlet head kerchief, who was frying delectably spicy peppers over a

Turidru's father came in from the barber shop to interpret. All the questions ordered by the Board of Health were answered satisfactorily until it came to that of windows open at night.

"No, ma'am," said Turidru's father firmly; "no, never do we sleep with our windows open at night. We think too much of our children."

"But you must," persisted the Board of Health lady. "If you don't you'll keep breathing bad air over and over again, and the baby will be sick, and you'll all have consumption." The barber looked helpless

"How I wish you speak Italian," he said despondently; "then I explain you." "All right, speak Italian," said one of the

visitors unexpectedly, in the tongue of the The barber smiled radiantly and broke into liquid syllables, accompanied by multitudinous gestures. Never he would sleep with windows open; not if he suffocated with the heat, no. Mamma mia! Would he open windows at night upon his

infants? He was too good a father for that. But why? Why, naturally, signorina, because the malaria would enter on the night air and afflict the helpless little

"But all Americans sleep with their windows open at night, and don't you think they are stronger than Italians?" "Americans sleep with their windows

open at night?" "Most certainly; invariably," very firmly The barber threw up his hands.

What a strange, what an incomprehensible race are these Americans," said he, accents of despair. And the Board of Health lady departed,

to continue to climb stairs and preach her gospel of sterilized milk, open windows and

## Every Fire Was a Fourth of July.

From the Augusta Chronicle. The city of Laurens, S. C., has a new fire bell. The bell has arrived from Ohio and will be piaced in position on the roof of the City Hall at once. It weighs about 1,500 pounds and is guaranteed not to crack and to raise all manner of a row when necessary. It cost \$125. Heretofore, when at night fire broke out, the custom has been for everybody to run to the until everybody else was properly and duly scared. A fire alarm in Laurens has generally caused serious anxiety. The purchase of the new bell will bring about depression in the pistol-cartridge trade.

THIS BARTENDER AN ARTIST

NOT AT BRINKS ONLY, BUT ALSO

IN PAINTING. Customers of the Saloon Where He Works Surprised by the Exhibition on the Walls of His Tenement Home

-He Was Once a Sallor and Most of His Pictures Are Marine Views. After a fraternal society had held a meeting in the hall at the corner of Broadway and Gaies avenue, Brooklyn, a few nights ago, the members adjurned to the saloon downstairs. There, after discussing var-

lous topics, they began to talk about art. "When I was attending the exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Color," remarked one man-"I think it was away back in May, 1894-Is that right Andy? [the speaker here addressed the bartender, Andrew Mevers -I remem-

ber that-"That exhibition opened on the tenth of March that year," interrupted the bar-

"What does the bartender know about it?" inquired a short, stout member of the "I admit that he's an artist at mixing cocktails, but he don't know anything about exhibitions of paintings." "Not a great deal," replied the bartender,

because I have never had any of my paintings on exhibition." Here the crowd laughed outright and

proceeded to make jokes at the bartender's "Could you draw for me a Faust seeing Marguerite for the first time?" inquired one of the men.

"Well," said the bartender, "I could try. My specialty is marine painting. I have done very little outside of marine views, although I have quite a number of landscapes on the walls of my apartments. "Did you paint them yourself?" asked another member of the party.

"Certainly," replied Meyers. "The last big painting I did was one of the ships of all nations which I painted when the various Governmenta sent their warships here to take part in the Columbus celebration a few years ago. I have ninety-six ships in that picture, and folks who ought to know tell me they are perfect." By this time the crowd had become great-

ly interested in the bartender. They had made his acquaintance a few years before. when he got a job there, but none of them had ever suspected that he was an artist Incidentally he informed them that he had just completed a marine painting on which he had worked for six months. The crowd expressed surprise and asked if they might see it some time. Arrangements were made for a meeting at the home of the bartender, on Gates avenue near Evergreen avenue, the time set being

last Wednesday afternoon, when Andy had a day off. A dozen men were on hand at the appointed hour. The bartender led them into a tenement and up to the second floor where he handed around cigars and then took them into a neatly-furnished kitchen the walls of which were adorned with pictures in oil, charcoal, and water colors

"All of the pictures in this room are samples of my work," said Meyers, "but I did most of these shortly after learning to paint I think that I have improved somewhat since I completed these.

since I completed these."
First there was a head of an old man turned to the right. Then there was a naked male figure seated on a globe, holding a vine branch. Over the mantel was a study of a Madonna and child in black

Along the opposite wall were eleven views of English scenery, in water colors, sepia and India ink. Between two windows overlooking the rear yard was a scene in oil from "The Taming of the Shrew." On the same side of the room hung another painting, "The Gleaners," showing two girls, one of whom carried a scythe while the other had her arms filled with sheaves of wheat. Each of the pictures in this room bore the name of the bartender as

the author of the work. To say that the visitors were surprised would be putting it mildly. As they passed around the room admiring the pictures the

bartender's wife came in and the visitors were introduced to her. "So you like Andy's work?" she re-marked. "Well, I don't see how he stands like Andy's work?" she re-

For years he has been tending bar from 7 o'clock at night until 7 in the morning, then hurrying home to breakfast and starting in to work in his studio. His studio is that bedroom there. Lately he has been working in the saloon during the day, so he has burned the midnight oil

while working at his pictures.

"He seldom sleeps more than four hours out of the twenty-four. Once is a while he sleeps six hours, but that is not often. He spends most of his time when home painting pictures.

"I have advised him to put some of them on exhibition in some of the art galleries, but he laughs at the idea, declaring that he is only a burtender and folks might think he was pretending to be a modern "For the last fifteen years I have spent

much of my time painting at home," chimed in Meyers, "but many folks who come here seem astounded when they see me working by gaslight. Over here in the parlor I have a few pictures painted Following him into another room the

party met with more surprises. The pictures here were in oil and water colors. After viewing the marine scene in which the warships of the world were depicted one member of the party asked Andy whether he had copied the picture from that of some other artist.

that of some other artist.

"Why, no," he said. "When those ships were anchored here in our waters I hired a rowboat and rowed around them. Then I made notes for reference and finally made a rough sketch of the boats just as they "I took the sketch home and then got

to work on that canvas, which measures five feet in length and four deep. My physician happened in here one day and admiring that picture offered me \$150 for it. I told him that it would not pay me to sell it at that prices it. I told him that it would not pay me to sell it at that price.

"What is it worth? Well, I don't know. If I sold it I would never be able to group the ships again as I have grouped them there. Every rope, every gun, every color that appeared on those boats when they were in the bay has been reproduced.

"It took me almost a year to complete that picture, but, of course, I was only that picture, but, of course, I was only able to work on it a few hours a day, as I had to sling beer during the rest of the "I am afraid to start out to paint pictures for a living, for the reason that I have no guarantee that I could earn a living religious while I know that I have no guarantee that I could earn a living religious while I know the start of the reason that I have no guarantee that I could earn a living religious while I know the start of the religious that I know the start of the star ing, while I know I can earn a living

Near the window there I have a German

"Near the window there I have a German landscape. The peasants in the picture are just as I saw them when I was in Germany a few years ago.

"Over on this side I have a profile in red chalk and India ink, heightened with white. I don't like that as well as the other pictures there, those large oil paintings on this side of the wall. I have fifty other pictures here which I have no room to hang on the walls."

"What about this inlaid table?" inquired one of the visitors. one of the visitors.

looked bad enough to ruin the reputation of any barrister.

The man, as a last extremity, appealed to Mr. Clay to take the case for him. Every one thought that Clay would certainly refuse. But when the celebrated lawyer looked into the matter his fighting blood was roused, and, to the great surprise of all, he accepted.

Then came a trial the like of which has seldom been seen. Clay slowly carried on the case, and it looked more and more hopeless. The only ground of defence the prisoner had was that the murdered man had looked at him with such a flerce, murderous look that out of self-defence he had struck first. A ripple passed through the lury at this evidence. The time came for Clay to make his defence. It was settled in the minds of the spectators that the man was guity of arder in the first degree. Clay calmly proceeded, and laid all the proof before them in a masterly way. Then, just as he was about to conclude, he played his last and master card.

"Gentlemen of the jury, he said, assuming the flercest, blackest look, and carrying the most undying hatred in it ever seen—"gentlemen, if a man should look at you like this, what would you do?"

That was all he said, but that was enough. The jury was startled, and some even quailed in their seats. The Judge moved uneasily on his bench. After about fifteen minutes the jury fled slowly back with a "Not guilty, your Honor". The victory was complete. When Clay was congratulated on his easy victory, he said:

"It was not so easy as you think. I spent days and days in my goom before the mirror. one of the visitors.

"Oh," said Andy, "I made that during a rainy spell we had while I was compelled to remain indoors. The circular frame, as you see, is in carved wood, that directly said to the control of the con inlaid with a design in colored woods "I had a large collection of Oriental objects; but I sold them because I had no room here to display them. Those things around the fireplace all came from Africa, where my brother has resided for the past twenty years. These tiger heads and lion skins also came from Africa. I use them once in a while in painting. "However, gentlemen, the reason I them once in a while in painting.

"However, gentlemen, the reason I brought you here to see my work was to "It was not so easy as you think. I spent days and days in my room before the mirror practising that look. It took more hard work to give that look than to investigate the most obtruse cape."

FOLSOM UNDER WARDEN AULL.

convince you that I was telling the truth when I butted into your conversation on art. As to the history of art I know very little. I have never taken a lesson in drawing from a tutor of any sort, but I've read a number of books on the subject. I got the colors in that last picture, the IT WAS DEATH IN THOSE DAYS FOR CONVICTS TO REVOLT. moonlight scene, by experimenting. In answer to questions Meyers said that he was born in Bremerhaven, Germany. He left his home to become a sailor, and travelled all over the globe. He finally settled down and became a bartender. Then he took up drawing of which he had

Remarkable History of California's Unwalled Prison and Its Famous Keeper -The Last Revolt Meant Graves for Thirteen-Aull and His System.

settled down and became a bartender. Then he took up drawing, of which he had been fond in his boyhood days.

Since the discovery was made in the neighborhood that Andy paints in oil scores of the saloon's patrons have annoyed him with questions about his art work, many insisting upon seeing some of his pictures. To oblige them he brought several of the pictures around to the saloon, but. fearing they might be stolen, he soon returned The California State prison at Folsom, rom which a gang of desperadoes escaped the other day, has for many years been regarded as the most remarkable penal astitution in the world. During the years hat old Warden Aull was in charge of it. its reputation as a mighty dangerous place for a convict to attempt to get out of was built up-a reputation which was amply justified by its history.

Aull was warden of the prison almost from the time it was built and was one of the most remarkable disciplinarians and We do not know how many millions of keepers of lawbreakers that the West vears ago the restless sea washed every side ever produced. The reputation of the of our Adirondack Mountains. Geologists prison was due to the novel methods he have proved, however, that in the earliest adopted to make it a model institution. epoch of geological history the Adirondacks His methods might have brought endless lifted their tops above the ocean that covcriticism on him in the East, but won him nothing but praise in the West, where ered almost every other part of the eople understood the sort of men given nto his keeping by the State. were a very large part of North America;

Death was almost inevitably the penalty for leaving this prison without walls, and if a man escaped it, it was because of some remarkable chain of circumstances that ould not be foreseen. To this day there s a little graveyard in the prison grounds and on almost every headstone there is some such inscription as this:

BILL DALT, aged 42 years. Shot while attempting to escape from this prison, Jan. 4, 1886.

An old Californian who knew Aull and is famous prison when both were in their prime and spent much time with Aull and his flock of desperadoes years ago gave the following interesting account of both the other day

"The fact that such an outbreak as that reported is possible at Folsom now," he said, "is proof positive to me that since ed away there has been no Aull passed away there has been no one to take his place and keep the institution up to the high mark he set. In Aull's time such an outbreak would have been possible for a few minutes had there been any prisoners desperate enough to make the attempt, but at least a dozen new graves would have had to be dug the next day for the dead make his way far south until he reached Wood for the dead.

"Aull was a remarkable old was as gentle and soft-hearted a man as ever lived, but that jail was his idol, and he would have killed a thousand men before ne would allow an escape to marits good

"It was he who refused to have walls about the prison. He said he could keep any number of men, no matter how des-perate they were, without the protection of walls, and, though it cost much blood "Aull had a system for keeping prisoners

In the first place on all the watch towers he had gatling guns. These guns covered every possible avenue of escape, so that no matter how serious an uprising came, the fire of at least one gun could be turned on the spot where it was worst "No man who couldn't use a rifle with skill could remain at Folsom under Aull

as a keeper. Once every week the keepers were obliged to prove their efficiency at the target, and if a man fell below 85 out of which the voyager might proceed to and through Oneida Lake and River to Lake Ontario at Oswego would enable him soon to reach his point of departure. Thus the Adirondacks still retain the a possible 100 three times he was dismissed from the service of the prison.

"Now Auli got the most desperate kind of men as prisoners. There were train robbers, murderers, outlaws, bandits, every kind of Western criminal, and almost all On every side of the great mountain plateau are deep depressions of valleys forming the natural channels of water courses by of them men who came to him for life, or for terms so long that there was little chance of their ever finishing them. They were men who had very little to lose in a skirmish for liberty and therefore they had to be handled with the greatest care. They were men who constantly plotted some means of escape, and it had to be firmly

impressed upon them that death, certain o get away. Aull held, and how he carried out his theory makes the most interesting chapter in the history of this remarkable man and his remarkable prison. When a man came to Folsom for life or a long sentence, Auli would take him into his office, invite him

which physicians are a unit in denouncing as a humbug. Two weeks ago a Mrs. Waugh of Columbus presented herself at the relic room in the State House, where the stone is room in the State House, where the stone is some of the other boys with you. Now, kept, and, saying she had been bitten by a Pete, I want to tell you I haven't the slightest objection to you trying.
"There's no bread and water diets in this prison and no dark cells, and when a man tries to get away from here and we get him back, Pete, we either bury him

or we treat him just as well as we ever did Most of the time we bury him, Pete.
"There's a few men working out there in the yard, Pete, with red shirts on. are some fellows who have made attempts to get away and have been brought back. When that happens we put red shirts or

hem.
"'Now, if you'll take a little walk with me, Pete, I'll show you some of the other fellows that we brought back and didn't have to put red shirts on,' and then old Aull would take his man out, and stroll through the graveyard with him.
"The man would read the inscriptions

on the headstones, and by the time the situation had had a chance to filter its way through his head, Aull would take him back to his principal keeper and assign him to a cell and to certain kind of work. "From the principal keeper the new prisoner would soon learn that when men wore red shirts it was the order to all keepers to shoot them down instantly as the first sign of a revolt, no matter whether they had a hand in it or not. At the first sign of trouble all red-shirted men were filled offhand. That was the they paid for having once made an at-

tempt to escape.
"Now see the cuteness of Aull. Those instant death to them, no matter how in-nocent they were Well, at the first sus-picion of a plot, at the first sign of an at-tempt to escape, information of it would get to Aull or his keepers. It was death for a redshirt not to inform if he knew anything was going on

How It Moved a Court and Jury for His Client.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The College of Court and Jury for His anything was going on.

"Aull was always having heart to heart talks with the prisoners. Time and again when he had reason to believe he had nipped when he had reason to believe he had nipped to the high the head reason to believe he had nipped to the high the head reason to believe he had nipped to the high the head reason to believe he had nipped to the high the head reason to believe he had nipped to the high the head reason to be high the head nipped to the high the high the head nipped to the high the h a revolt in the bud, he would go to the men and tell them he was so sorry that he had discovered the plot. On one occasion he actually made this speech to some prisoners

who had planned to get away:

"Boys,' he said, 'I feel it's my duty to stop these things when they're discovered, and I feel I ought to warn you not to try to escape, but if you feel you can get away with one of these revolts, go ahead. If you can get away you will show me the flaws in my system, and that's what I'm looking for all the time. Nobody ever got away yet.'

"This sort of thing rather knocked the

nerve out of the desperadors, and although there were individual attempts to get away, there was never a big revolt until the one I am going to tell you about now. It was probably the last one before this one the other day. You will understand why it put an end to revolts under Aul! forever and ever when I tell it to you. "There came up from Frisco once, about twelve years ago, a life prisoner who had been robbing trains and stages for years, but who before that had been an engineer. He came out West with a surveying party,

"The minute he got at Folsom he began to blot escape. For two years he worked away at his plot. He figured that he could dupe certain of the convicts to get between himself and the guards when the revolt came, and that therefore all he had

fear was those gatling guns "He knew the general belief was that they covered every point of the compass, so being an engineer, he proceeded to see if he couldn't figure out some one spot where he and a gang of convicts who were

armed could get and defy the gatting guns. If he could do this, he figured, he could escape with the entire gang, save those who would necessarily be killed at the first fire from the guards, who were

known to be dead shots.
"Well he finally figured out that the one spot where such a thing was possible was behind the prison ice house, which stood on the edge of a stone quarry excavation about 100 yards from the prison grounds

about 100 yards from the prison grounds. Unless the gatling guns trained over this ground could shoot through the ice house, which he knew they couldn't, it was the very spot he was looking for.

"The next thing was to get arms. George Sonntag, the famous train robber, who was a life prisoner at Folsom at the time, was in the deal with the engineer, and he got into communication with one Fredgot into communication with one Fred-ericks, another famous train robber, who had recently been released from Folsom,

had recently been released from Foiscin, and was hanging out in the woods several miles away, probably waiting to assist some of his friends to escape.

"Fredericks succeeded in placing twenty rifles and a lot of ammunition in the stone quarry excavation one night, and early the next morning the carefully planned revolt occurred. The engineer and Sonntag led about twenty men to the quarry on the about twenty men to the quarry on the

"The rifles of the keepers and the tower gating guns brought down about three of the men before they dropped into the excavation and got their weapons, but once there it seemed as though they were all rig t and had an even chance in the battle that was to follow.

"Imagine the utter changin of these

battle that was to follow.

"Imagine the utter chagrin of these desperadoes when the whole side of the ice house wall, facing the quarry excavation, suddenly dropped out, the nose of a gatling gun was pointed down at them and a moment later was belching a steady fire of bullets into their ranks. It was one of the cruelest slaughters California ever saw, but old Aull realized that it was a necessary massacre, and in the preservation necessary massacre, and in the preservation of the system of Folsom he hesitated at

"Thirteen of those men were shot to pieces in that excavation and their bodies were buried in the little prison graveyard with inscriptions on their headstones tell-ing how they met their deaths. The rest were nursed back to life and became red-

"That was the last revolt at Folsom. "That was the lest revolt at Polson.
Old Ault thought there might be some
flaw in his system that a successful escape
would develop, but he had long before
figured out that icehouse as a likely place
for a prisoner with a mechanical turn of for a prisoner with a mechanical turn of mind to select as a spot where the g tling guns would not reach him. So he solemnly rigged up a gatling gun on the premises and adjusted the side of the icehouse so and adjusted the side of the techouse so if necessary he could drop it to the ground.

"It would be supposed that Aull would fear for his life, but he knew not the meaning of fear. In fact, he loved the danger of having these desperate characters in his prison so much that when Judges in Frisco would occasionally send a real had man to San Quentin Prison he would get mad San Quentin Prison he would get mad and go right down to Frisco to protest that all such men should come to him

"In his great experience Aull learned many queer things. I will only mention one. That was, that he had to be especially watchful when a northeast wind was blow-

"It was then that his prisoners were most restless; it was then that individual attempts at escape would come. A northeast wind always worried Aull, for it always meant a

dangerous restlessness on the part of the desperadoes in his care.

"Why, he never knew. He only knew it was so, and it was one of the many queer things that Aull discovered in his vast experience with these desperate criminals of the West."

LAKE CICOTT'S SEVEN-YEAR RISE. Indiana Phenomenon Reappears

Schedule Time. Indianapolis, Aug. 1.-With neither outlet nor inlet that is at any time visible. Lake Cicott, a small body of water in Cass county, has now reached a height which it attains every seven years, and hundreds of acres of fine corn land are now covered by several feet of water. The rural mail route, which runs along the lake's banks, has been abandoned by the carrier, for the water covers it to a depth of three feet and stretches beyond for several hundred yards.

Lake Cicott has been an interesting phenomenon to the people of northern Indiana for many years, but the secret of its rise and fall has never been discovered. It is the only lake in Cass county and is about one mile wide and about one mile long. The water is clear and cold and perlong. fectly fresh. Its most mysterious acteristic is the fact that it overflows its banks every seventh year. The farmers who own the land upon its banks have become so used to this that they never attempt to cultivate the land in the seventh year, but give it up without a protest, as they know it is sure to be claimed by the

Pottawattomie Indians habited what is now Cass and adjoining counties were familiar with the characteristic of the lake. They believed that its bottom was inhabited by a powerful spirit, which at intervals of seven years caused the lake to overflow. They construed this action as approval of the tribe by the spirit and watched the tribe by the spirit, and watched anxiously for the time to come, for they saw in the rising waters a sure indication that they had done nothing to displease it. The early white settlers became ac-quainted with the legend and the oldest inhabitant is not able to recall a time that the

overflow did not take place when expected. The water has now reached its highest ontinue to do so till the old confines are reached. Residents of the locality say that the weather conditions have no effect upon the lake, for its rise in the seventh year takes place regardless of the fact of rein or drought. Amos Jordan, a veteran of the civil war, who lives on a bluff overlooking the lake, says the only apparent difference between wet and dry seasons when the rise occurs is that the water ap-pears to be colder in time of drought. What is true of the rise of the waters is also true of their recession, for they gradually dis-appear regardless of the amount of rainfall

county. The phenomenon is explained on the theory that there is a subterranean outlet, which becomes closed in some way and is opened by the pressure of the water when the highest point is reached every seventh year, but this is mere guesswork and nothing has ever been discovered to justify ing has ever been discovered to justify such a theory. The Pennsylvania Reif-rord Company, which owns a number of icehouses on the edge of the lake, made soundings at different places before the rise begin, and found the greatest depth

THE WINE SAMPLER'S JOR. The Tantalizing Work Required of Profession.

From the Albany Evening Journal From the Albany Evening Journal.

"There's only one job at the St. Louis Exposition that I would like to get," said a well-known man about town at his club last evening, "and that is a wine sampler."

You would soon get sick of your job," replied a fellow clubman. "There will be between 30,000 and 40,000 samples in the wine exhibit, and if you would be allowed to taste it in the ordinary way your finish would be rapid.

Thave heard the business described, and as a matter of fact it is not customary in this operation to permit the wine tester to sip from each bottle and pronounce his judgment until his mind begins to wander and his tongue thicken. He does not swallow the wine at all. It is tasted, but never swallowed. After five or six samples have been examined the jurors will rest a few minutes, then eat a bit of cheese and a biscuit, after which they rinse their mouths with nineral water and proceed as before. This is kept up from 9 in the morning until noon. Persons who can thus refrain from real indulgence in the wine cup presented in this tantalizing manner are examples of abstinence which ought to inspire admiration for the race.

"It is not every one who can thus tread near the danger and step back from the brink with a man's reach the out the brink. I have heard the business described, and as

"It is not every one who can thus tread near the danger and step back from the brink With a man's nose in the cup that inebriates he is generally a goner. It is as good as settled when he gets so far as to lay his hand upon the wicker door. The exhilarating effect of suffering a stream of some fifty or a hundred different kinds of wine to pass between one's lips even if refused admittance at the inner portal, must be considerable; and a layer of cheese, a layer of biscuit and a layer of mineral water continued for three hours, it would seem, would be a distressing ordeal. After the 'bouquet' of the cheese, what becomes of the bouquet of the wine? There are cheeses that make one quite oblivious of every other thing set on the table before one. I would have no confidence at all in the judgment of a jury after the sixteenth round of cheese."

WRITING STORIES FOR BOYS.

LITERARY RECORDS MADE BY AUTHORS UNKNOWN TO FAME.

Forty-Thousand Word Novel Turned Out in Thirty-six Hours-Twenty Novels Manufactured in Forty Weeks-Rules

for Modern Dime Novel Writing. The task of putting into readable shape stirring tales about Jesse James, Alkali Pete, Gentleman Jim, Wild Bill, the Gold King, the Boy Detective and other heroes whose exploits thrill small boys is not done by writers of the same heroic and fireeating type as the characters portrayed Men who write such stories need principally a fertile imagination, a capacity for hard work and the ability to turn out thousands

of words of readable stuff a day to make them successful. They have never rescued imperilled maidens, tracked Indians and murderers over deserts and mountain trails, or recovered lost fortunes. Many of them have never seen a live Indian or cowboy, have a bare speaking acquaintance with the detectives at Headquarters and carry no six-shooter

in their back pockets. More than one dime-novel publishing firm has made a fortune at the business of providing literature for Young America and that in the days when they paid a writer from \$75 to \$250 for a story. Things are done differently now.

Each dime-novel publishing house employs a staff of writers, who receive a regular salary. Besides the staff of regula contril utors, persons who can be depended upon to turn in a fixed amount of copy every week, each publishing house has a list of workers who can write a story to order and at short notice.

When a regular writer falls ill or takes a vacation, or when some special event happens which makes a foundation for a plot for a popular novel, one of these special writers is communicated with and is ordered o dash off a story on three or four days notice. Inspiration forms a small part of the dime-novel writer's stock in trade, for nearly all his stories are written to order In these cases the writer follows a plot suggested by the publisher and does not even select the title.

Stories of sensational crime or adventure in the daily newspapers that offer a possibility of being dressed up into an interesting boys' story are eagerly seized upor by the publishers as the subjects for a novel. This is particularly true if the incident is of national interest.

A few years ago a producer of this class of literature made a record for himself in the way of rapid production, writing 40,000 words of copy in thirty-six hours To do this he was compelled to go without much sleep and to take his meals in bites between sentences.

The necessity for such rapid work arose over an incident in the South American city where several sailors from the United States cruiser Baltimore were attacked in the streets by a mob. Through the industry of this trained writer his publishers were able to put on sale two days after news of the event reached New York a story in which the murdered boatswain's mate of the cruiser was the hero.

When Admiral Dewey won his victory in Manila Harbor, there were a score of stories in which that battle formed the chief event on the news-stands within a week. And so it goes. A disastrous railroad wreck, a thrilling escape from death, a national catastrophe-all furnish material for the dime-novel writer.

Many people who denounce such fiction as wholly bad may not know that the publishers will not allow a suggestive sentence or a line in the stories or a word that any boy or girl might not read The heroes may perform some rather remarkable exploits and exterminate a good many bad people, but it is generally an outdoor life the writers tell about, the heroes are self-reliant me

Said a successful writer of boys' stories the other day:
"We writers of dime novels do not at tempt a polished style of English, as a rule, and the pages we write are rarely re-read or edited by ourselves. The publishers want action, plot, incident, dialogue and thrilling situations.

thrilling situations.

"In order to write successful dime novels the author must possess at least superficial knowledge of a great variety of subjects. He must be able to depict life in the slums of a great city, or the free, roving existence of the cowboy on the Western plains; he must by his scenes in Cuba of the Philippines without making any material error, in the descriptive sections. error in the descriptive sections.

"That the plot and incidents must be

plausible is a rigid rule. No matter how improbable the deeds of the hero seem the author must be sure that what he does the author must be sure that what he does is not absolutely impossible nor absurd If Brandywine Pete scalps an Indian in the Black Hills in the morning and cleansout a faro bank in Deadwood at night, the story must explain satisfactorily how he made the journey from one point to the other in the time specified."

It often happens that the dime-novel writer must take up a character created by another individual and carry this here along through new adventures without

along through new adventures without changing his habits or permitting him to repeat himself in any of his daring deeds one central figure is often carried along through twenty or thirty numbers of a library, and while the same name may appear on the title page of each several. appear on the title page of each separate story, a dozen different authors may have contributed to the series, each one taking up the thread of the story where his predecessor left off. This is considered har work, but is one of the things that come to the professional dime-novel writer.

"A publisher who had created a romantic Western adventurer with a name that proved popular with the boys, contracted with one of his weekly writers for a serie. of twenty stories," said the man quoted from above. "The writer worked indus from above. "The writer worked industriously for thirty-two weeks, getting out complete story bimonthly, when "The publisher was in a quandary, but

The publisher was in a quantary, pullaid the case before one of his special writers who arranged to take up the work where the other left off and carry on the central characters unchanged. This men was employed in the day time, and could give only his nights and one day a week to the ext work.
"In order to prevent any discrepance

in the stories, he had to read up what the original writer had written about the characters. He did this and wrote four novelof 40,000 words each in twenty days with interfering with his regular work stories were dictated to a stenograph

and were thus written at the rate of 2.000 words an hour."

It is said that regular writers of dimenovels, men who do no other kinds of work are able to produce a story of from 40.000 to 50.000 words are able to produce a story of from 40.000 to 50.000 words are able to produce a story of from 40.000 to 50.000 words are able to 50.000 words. to 50,000 words a week, and to keep it up for six months in the year. The writer canno attempt to think out his plot and arrange the events in the hero's life before sitting down to write, as that would take too long Instead, he must be able to take a title a name and the incident suggested by the a name and the incident suggested by the publisher and write a story of a specifie length, letting the plot grow and develop as he progresses. He must invent name as he writes the letters that spell them and create a thrilling incident or climax for the ending of every chapter, leaving the culmination of the entire story for the very end.

Dime-novel writing may not be the nobles calling of the exponent of fiction, but one of the best-paying, and the demand for good, readable stories is so great that person who can tell a story in the way department. the publishers need not want f